

JUST SAY
"N.O." TO WORLDCON

...Sept. 1-5, 1988
New Orleans hosts Worldcon

APA-FIX

#39 Aug. 1988

SPECIAL

"ALL THAT JAZZ"

ISSUE



SING SPIEL

39th Stanza, APA-Filk #39 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th St.
#4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 718-336-3255 / July 7;10;24, 1988

The filks at Disclave were far more successful this year than last. And I finally got my copy of the aptly named Greg Baker Filk Book. Speaking of whom, I hear he won a filk prize at Shore Leave (but not for his "Bend Over, Dukakis", which was met with cries of "Bend Over, Greg Baker", which scans better).

If rap is music, then it can be filked. Last year, Joe Piscopo did a rap about Jesse Jackson, rhyming "Rainbow Coalition" with "He's a baad politician". Now rap is being used to teach history. In Atlanta, the "Civil Rights Rap" video covers the history of the movement; for example: "This short rap tells of Rosa Parks,/ Who caused some friction, set off some sparks./ Rosa wasn't gonna moan, she wasn't gonna fuss,/ She just sat down at the front of the bus. [and so on]"

I've mentioned here before the link between filks and commercials, how products filk songs into jingles and how kids irreverently filk commercial jingles. Saturday Night Live did a bit, reminiscent of the old Romantic Classics record offer, Did you know that some of today's best-loved commercial songs are actually classics from the '60s - like the Nike song ("Revolution") was by the Beatles? After a couple of genuine examples, they went on with their own "Sold-Out Gold" - "GE Range" to "When You're Strange" and "White Shirt" to "White Rabbit".

& ---- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #38 ---- &

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: ct John> I once did, to the tune "Barnacle Bill", "who's that sleeping on my floor? (2x)/ They weren't here before,/ When I left the room this morning." // ST:TNG is in its own New Generation; first Crosby's off the show, now McFadden. (But they're keeping Wesley; how do they explain her absence, she ran away from home?) # Re Beauty & the Beast's "mental kiss", talk about safe sex. And it gives new meaning to "Not tonight, I have a headache."

SINGSPIEL #38: The Fifth Amendment has also sung "All we are say-ing is, Give Meese the ax." (It worked.)

D.C. AL FINE Op. 1/Mike Stein: Welcome. Sorry we didn't meet at Disclave. # Teal? # A musical by/for the deaf sounds odd (and like there's a bad pun buried in there) but I have seen songs signed. // Nice Bayfilk report. // ct Roberta> The fact is, it was war mobilization of the economy, rather than the New Deal, that finally got us out of the Depression. (Most of us here are also opinionated.) // ct John> Thanks for the confirmation on Mary Lou's songs. // Interesting ct Harold F. on silly songs overstaying their welcomes - sort of anything past "Ha ha, OK, I get the joke". // I have copies, but haven't read the Card books.

DOWN & OUT IN BOSTON & PRINCETON/Harold Feld: I prefer your Troi verse to John's. // Re Lunacon, I checked with the Chairman who said, in effect, Where they were Friday night worked out fine; let them do it there again. (By the way, Harold is referring to Vinnie Salzillo, not Vinnie Bartilucci, an ex-member of APA-Filk. The difference between them is that Vinnie is Italian and wears Hawaiian shirts, and Vinnie is Italian and wears Hawaiian shirts.)

ANAKREON/John Boardman: "Eskimo Nell"> More Blatant than the Beast. NY'ers don't pronounce "creek" to rhyme with "Dick" but with "cheek". # Sounds like they need CPR. PGE, the Pacific Great Eastern (RR of British Columbia) was referred to as "Puff, Grunt and Expire". // 'Swonderful, 'Smarvelous... 'Schwartz? # I went to George Gershwin JHS; the school song began "Of Thee We Sing, Gershwin ..." # Oy, more corn muffins? What rhymes with "Napolean"? And does anyone need "A.K." explained? # There was a tv production of Of Thee I Sing in the mid-70s starring Carroll O'Connor, but earlier I recall seeing a scene of Throttlebottom taking a White House tour (the only way he can get inside) - perhaps a snippet from that film that was never made? // ct Greg> Momus was the Greek god of ridicule and "Phiz" is short for "physiognomy", face; isn't his face the Mask of Comedy? // ct Matthew Marcus> US policy on superconductors is indeed insane. // ct Harold Feld> We wondered if there's such a thing as glatt Cajun.

Speaking of New Orleans, I presume a few of you will be there. Au 'voir.

JERSEY FLATS #16, August 1988

ROBERTA ROGOW, P.O. box 1124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410

HOT STUFF: It's the Greenhouse Effect! Direct from the sauna at Fair Lawn! there's nothing quite so debilitating as damp heat. DRY heat I can handle..this muggy stuff makes my fingers slide off the keyboard of The Gizmo.

CONVENTION REPORTS:

Aside from various Creation Cons, the two "biggies" were Media-West Con out in Michigan, and Shore Leave in Maryland (outside Balitmore)

Media-West is just what it sounds like...a Con for Media people. The accent is on fanzines, fan writing, fan art...not so much on filking, though. I did a little filking...mostly I was taking bows for "Nessus' Shirt", which has finally appeared at a bookstore near you.. it's in MEROVINGEN NIGHTS #3, Troubled Waters. Editor is C.J. Cherryh, so it'll be under her name on the shelf. A lot of people made nice on me...I wound up on a panel with Diane Carey on "How I Got To Be A Pro", which is a howl! I got to be a pro because I knew someone who knew someone, and because CJ needed 3,000 words to fill out her contract, and I provided them...otherwise she'd have had to write them herself. So now I'm in the Merovingen Nights Universe, and the NEXT one comes out in October in #4, Smuggler's Gold.

Shore Leave was much more adventurous, if only because of "The Purple People-Eater", my utterly decrepit station wagon, which is now going to the Great Junkyard in the Sky...to the vast relief of all who had to deal with it. Ask Harold Feld for the ghastly details of the trip TO Hunt Valley Inn...on the way back the entire exhaust system fell out of the car! We sat around for an hour while a couple of Good Ole

Boys wired it back on with baling wire (I mean it!) and tootled back north on I-95 at 40 mph...while the exhaust system leaked up into the car. The heat and the humidity were around 90, and we poured ice cubes on the car rugs to prevent a fire. I have persuaded Murray that the "People-Eater" will cost more to repair than another junker! More on this next time...

Filking at Shore Leave was the "concert" variety...not so many groups as usual, since the Kobyashi Maru Glee Club has broken up...but the Denebian Slime Devils did their thing. Claire Maier and Greg Baker were on hand, and I got to do a few new ones...and Greg won the Trophy for Filking. He wasn't there to receive it so I picked it up for him, and gave it to him (he kissed it heartily). It's about time Greg got some recognition as a filker!

I also got roped into doing schtik at the Costime Call...Harold Feld and I as "the Crazy Fan and the heartless Huxter". Three guesses as to who was who! Type-casting of course!

MOVIE REVIEWS

I spent my summer vacation writing and going to movies. The writing may work into a ST:NG pro-novel, if all goes well. The Movies... It's been a real Movie Summer:

1. "Willow": George Lucas has done it again! Forget what the critics say...go see this and have a good time. There's a sweet small person who's a Family Man, sent on a Quest. There's a wild and woolly warrior, who just happens to be a woman. There are a couple of 9-inch-high Brownies who steal the show. And speaking of stealing, yes, there are echoes of just about everything from The Brothers Grimm to the Bible but that's not the point. See "Willow" for the spectacle and the sweep, not to mention a Wizard's Duel between two old biddies who should know better. Feminists take note: Almost all the main characters are women, and even the dashing hero spends time in a dress.

2. "Red Heat", or Schwartzenegger Laughs. Actually he doesn't, but he's funnier that way. I happen to like "service humor"; this one is full of the blackest of comedy. Arnie looks great (he lost 20 pounds) as a Russian cop at large in Chicago. Jim Belushi is a perfect foil as the Chicago cop who has to cope with Russian direct action. I realize this is heresy, but to my mind Jim is far more talented than John ever was...he can play a broader range, he's more disciplined, and he's not afraid of give-and-take routines.

3. "Who Framed Roger Rabbit"...a masterpiece. A tour de force for Bob Hoskins as the private eye whose brother was killed by a 'Toon. The animation is incredible. It's been reviewed to death, and it's a shoo-in for next years "Dramatic presentation" Hugo...Go See It!

4. "Bull Durham"...about America's two favorite sports, Baseball and Sex. Kevin Costner is just fantastic as the catcher who is brought in to teach a wild young pitcher about Life and Baseball, and Susan Sarandon is the Southern belle who takes the same kid in hand...and when Costner and Sarandon FINALLY get together...bring lots of ice, because it's one of the hottest scenes around.

I still have to see "Die Hard", "The Dead Pool" and "Young Guns". It's a great year for action/adventure stuff!

COMMENTS TO OTHER PEOPLE:

Mike Stein: That's why I ALWAYS carry my guitar on as carry-on luggage. I go first on the plane to fit it into the overhead rack, and I will not let it go anywhere else. They keep gorillas in the baggage room to destroy the luggage. My clothes I can replace, my guitar...NO!

To Harold Feld: Ask Zwang about the trip home to get the full awfulness of it. No word yet on "The Fannish orchestra". I think there's a curse on it: every time I try to record it, something goes wrong. I'm still hoping to get it on tape in New Orleans.

CON SCHEDULE

At this point, NolaCon. PhilCon is "iffy", unless Murray wants to spend our Silver Wedding Anniversary at PhilCon! He's put up with a lot over the last few years...he deserves a little consideration. I wasn't a Trekkie when we were married...there WAS not Star Trek when we married! 25 years is a long time to spend with one person...we should celebrate it...and that's the weekend for it.

SO.....See Ya In New Orleans!

THE FANNISH NO-NO SONG

by Gregory A. Baker

To the tune of "The No-No Song" by Hoyt Axton

An editor she came to me from Towson, M-D,
She smiled because I could not understand,
Then she said, Would you write a story for me,
To make the finest Trekzine in the land - and I said,
No, no, no, no, I don't Trek any more,
The latest T.V. shows make me sore,
Please space the kid, or tell us someone else did,
Or gets killed by Holodeck Four.

A filksinger she came to me from Fair Lawn, N-J,
She smiled because I could not understand,
Then she said "Won't you come to Fair Lawn and play,
We need your voice to complement the band!" - and I said,
No, no, no, no, I don't filk any more,
Because our songs were all Trek and 'Wars
Nine thousand verses of the "Old Time" song,
Made my book too big for the door.

A fan committee came to me from out of D.C.,
They smiled because I could not understand,
Then they all asked for an endorsement from me
To hold the finest Worldcon in the land - and I said,
No, no, no, no, I don't SMOF any more,
I do not want D.C. in Oh-four,
Half of my friends support the bid from New York,
The other half aren't friends any more.

Another con committee came from out of New York,
They looked at me and they smiled wickedly,
"Won't you come work for us and help out your friends,
Since you decided to turn down D.C.- and I said,
No, no, no, no, I don't support any more
In New York I would crash on the floor,
Don't kill the trees to give me papers, please
They're piling up outside my door,

A friend of mine he called me while I was half-asleep,
He smiled because I could not understand,
Then he pulled out a new Diplomacy game,
He said it was the finest in the land - and I said,
No, no, no, no, I don't game any more,
I'm tired of moves for Spring of oh-four,
I think Diplomacy is just a game,
The other gamers think it's a war.

No, no, no, no, I don't fanac no more,
I'm voting "No Award" in oh-four,
No thank you, please, for fanac makes me sneeze,
And it makes it hard to find the door.

THE LAZY SONG

by Gregory A. Baker
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I don't want to work,
I just want to play,
I would rather stay asleep than work throughout the day,
It's because I won't,
Not because I can't,
I would rather be the happy grasshopper than ant.

I don't want to work,
Work is much too hard,
Give me, please, a lemonade and sit me in the yard,
It's because I don't,
Not because I do,
I would rather lay about than work as hard as you.

I won't want to work,
Never, ever, work,
Show me someone busy and I'll show you he's a jerk,
It's not that I'm sick,
Nor because I'm crazy,
I think the best adjective to use just might be "lazy".

Please don't give me work,
Please don't me employ,
Seeing someone sleeping isn't something you'd enjoy.
I will be so still,
That you'll think I'm dead,
Then I'll cash your paycheck and go out to play instead.

I don't want to work,
Work leaves psychic scars,
People who keep working are compelled to purchase cars.
Cars burn up the oil,
God stored in the earth,
Laziness is proven to have ecological worth!

I don't want to work,
I would rather sing,
Give me room to lay down and I'll always do my thing,
It's because I won't,
Not because I would,
Work is something I avoid - if only that I could!

A STARSHIP NAMED BOB
by Gregory Baker
To the tune of "The Pride of Chanur" by Leslie Fish

Our bathtubs are circled with rings of jet black,
And Downbelow Station will not let us back,
So we stand by the bar with a look of dismay,
In hope that someone will ship cargo for pay,
But they give us some cash if we'll just go away,
And return to the starship named Bob.

CHORUS: We are the starship named Bob,
We're looking hard for a job,
Our ship's not the cleanest, but our rates our cheap,
So ship with the starship named Bob.

The methane folk say that they can't take the smell,
The hani and mahe are grumbling as well,
But Bob is our captain, he'll know what to do,
He's charming to many, and he'll bribe a few,
But he won't give in to a shower or two,
Hot water's expensive, says Bob.

The creature was lurking in the shadows of dock,
When chased by the kif, it ran into our lock,
Now, we put out a welcome, prepared for a tiff,
We don't like the way folks get treated by kif,
But the creature stopped once and it breathed in a whiff,
Then ran to The Pride of Chanur.

The Board of Health's coming, with buckets and brooms
The scientists come just to look at our rooms,
Good gods, all the fungi that seems to have grown,
And the botanists say it's a species unknown,
Would we have done better to scrub 'til things shone?
Hell no, not a starship named Bob.

ANAKREON

#39, APA-Filk Mailing #39

1 August 1988

THE MAN WHO SMUGGLES THE CONTRAS' GUNS

(Tune: "The Man Who Waters the Workers' Beer")

Oh, I'm the man, the very brave man, who smuggles the Contras' guns.
Yes, I'm the man, the very brave man, who smuggles the Contras' guns.
And what do I care if they all march off and shoot a couple of nuns?
The President calls me a hero, and I smuggle the Contras' guns.

Now when I smuggle the Contras' guns I load them into a plane,
But then what will I fill it with to bring it back again?
If we fly one way dead-head it will drive my backers bugs -
So the plane comes back to America with a great big load of drugs!

Now when I smuggle the Contras' guns I bring back opium,
And heroin and cocaine, and a little tax-free rum.
And if the President hears of this he sweeps it under the rugs.
I've a sexy wife and a sexy aide and I smuggle the Contras' drugs.

They told me when I went to war against the Viet Cong
Whatever's anti-Communist can't possibly be wrong.
Now everybody jokes about my secretary's jugs -
Why don't they all admire me when I smuggle the Contras' drugs?

"The Man Who Waters the Workers' Beer" is a class-conscious British working-class ballad that goes back at least a century. (Now the brewer sings: "I've a car and a yacht and an aeroplane"; in earlier versions it was "a house in town and a coach and four".) For centuries, the English have blamed the poor quality of beer for everything from military defeats to ill health in the lower classes, and the profiteering brewer of the song is a natural target. The tune is probably best known to Americans as "I'm a Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech.", the traditional student song of the Georgia Institute of Technology. The meter seems to have remarkable flexibility, as I found when I was putting words into it.

In about 7 weeks Lieutenant Criminal Oliver North will go to trial, probably still baffled as to why something anti-Communistic doesn't automatically have everyone's support. The brief burst of "Ollie-mania" at the time the scandal broke has long since dissipated, and if he made a second attempt at suicide I would not be in the least surprised. (This is why this song had to get into this issue. Who knows what the situation will be in November?)

Meanwhile, his secretary Fawn Hall was rebuffed when she tried to go backstage to see Bruce Springsteen after one of his concerts. She was dismayed to learn that he thought she had done something bad. Oliver North, like Richard Nixon, will probably never realize why he is going into history as a figure of scorn.

TO: THE DEFENDANT
FROM: THE PROBATION OFFICE

by Gregory A. Baker

You're placed on probation the rest of your life.
We're seizing your car and your house and your wife.
You must visit this office five times a week,
We'll tell your employer so work you must seek,
You can't drink or smoke and you can't have a gun,
If you attend parties you cannot have fun.
And don't abuse substance like coffee or tea,
We'll sample your urine each time that you pee.
As Special Conditions (the judge said O.K.)
Your fine is two hundred percent of your pay.
You must do three years of community service
Clearing mines near Iran - don't be so nervous!
Your PSI shows ~~that~~ ^{that} you really are rotten,
This very light sentence should not be forgotten,
We've let you off lightly. You must understand
You can't double-park while on Government land!

GRACELESS NOTES

The next issue of ANAKREON will be the annual collection of verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion". Please try to get them to me by the middle of October.

*

Randall Garrett, who died last New Year's Eve, once told me of a couplet from a version of "The Ballad of Eskimo Nell" unknown to me. It is the first of the two couplets below and, as you can see, it does not fit the meter of the version that was printed in ANAKREON #38. However, I have since discovered that Garrett's memory may have betrayed him. The second couplet comes from "Lady Lil", a verse by Eugene Field.

He laid it down upon the bar,
And, stranger, it stretched from hyar to thar.
But when he yanked his tool out thar,
And laid it out across the bar...

Yes, Eugene Field (1850-1895). At one time his sentimental or whimsical verse was highly favored in high school English classes - which, however, were never introduced to such other of his works as "The Fair Limousin", "The Diabetic Dog", "Socratic Love", "Lady Lil", and "When Willie Wet the Bed". (Some of these are also known by other titles. They may be found in Immortalia, originally collected in 1927 and published in paperback by Parthenia Press in 1969.)

"Lady Lil" has a plot similar to that of "The Ballad of Eskimo Nell", except that here it is the man who gets the best of the woman. Eugene Field is also responsible for this couplet:

David with a single stone the great Goliath slew,
But when he fucked Uriah's wife he found he needed two.

*

Margaret Middleton sends along a copy of Harpings, which is published on the first days of alternate months by the Filk Foundation, 34 Barbara Dr., Little Rock, Ark. 72204. The issue of 1 May includes Mike Stein's report on Bayfilk, announcements of forthcoming filking conventions, and other conventions with filking sessions, and questions and answers about where certain filksongs may be located and what their origins are. There is also a brief report on why tapes from Off Centaur Publications are now

available from Off Centaur, Inc., and what the differences are. A couple of my reviews are also reprinted from ANAKREON #38. "Current availability is to Filk Foundation members, contributors-of-news, and on Editorial Whim".

*

It is part of an umpire's duty to throw out of a baseball game players, managers, or others who make nuisances of themselves or otherwise impede play. This has turned umpires into music critics. For many decades, umpires have automatically ejected anyone on the field who criticizes a decision by whistling "Three Blind Mice". But now, it seems, they are going after stadium organists. On 5 June 1988, Newsday reported that an umpire named Tony Maners ejected the Kansas City Royals' organist, Lambert Bartak, for playing the theme song from the Mickey Mouse Club during a disputed decision. Furthermore, "On May 24, the El Paso Diablos' public-address announcer, Paul Strelzin, was pulled from behind the mike the second time he played a tape from Linda Ronstadt's 'I've Been Cheated'."

Even the National Anthem is not safe in a ball park. In Newsday of 17 June, sports columnist Stan Isaacs complains that the usually perfunctory rendition at the beginning of a baseball game went on for 2 minutes and 48 seconds when the San Francisco Giants were in town for a game at Shea Stadium. The usual duration is from 1½ to 2 minutes. Everyone from stars of the Metropolitan Opera to second grade classes has sung the National Anthem at Shea.

Eventually these two ball-park uses of music will be combined. Someday a bad decision by an umpire will go against the home team, and the organist will play just the first few notes of the National Anthem: "Oh, say, can you see?" Let the umpire try to eject the organist for that!

*

Medical students have long been famous for composing mnemonics to learn their subjects better. The campus newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania reported on 11 February 1988 that Professor Helen Davies has developed such mnemonics to help the students in her microbiology classes. The first of the two verses to the right is to the tune of "She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain", and describes the effects of streptococcus. The second verse, for which no tune is given, summarizes the essential facts concerning gonorrhea.

Streptococci cause otitis, pharyngitis,
Cellulitis, impetigo, adenitis,
But the delayed sequelae,
Should make Doc a nervous Nellie,
Rheumatic fever and glomerulonephritis.

Regrettably, Prof. Davies has bought this fashionable alleged dichotomy between the "left brain" and the "right brain", and says that "The problem is to engage not only the left side of the brain with speech and organized logic, but also the right side of the brain, the artistic side, which is responsible for allowing you to recall information when you are pressured."

*

Childrens' lullabies, it seems, are not the innocent things they generally seem to be. Or so says the science-fiction writer Jane Yolen, in an article in the New York Times Book Review of 26 June 1988. She has just finished editing The Lullaby Song Book, in collaboration with one of the three children she used to sing lullabies for. In the course of this, she says, "I discovered three things about lullabies: there is no real difference in them, most have insipid lyrics and they are not all as cozy and loving as I first imagined." They are full of false rhymes, though Yolen does not mention the possibility that some are so old that the language has changed, and words that used to rhyme do so no longer. And some of the lullabies do not promise the child good things if it behaves, but bad things if it misbehaves. Among these Yolen includes the

(continued on p. 7)

THE APA-FILK MAILING LIST

This mailing list contains the names of all people who get APA-Filk, the quarterly amateur press association for filksong fans. If your name is followed by a dollar amount, that is the balance of your postage account as of 23 July 1988. An "A" indicates a person who gets a complimentary copy of ANAKREON, my contribution to APA-Filk, but neither APA-Filk or my science-fiction fanzine DAGON. A name not followed by either of these indicators lives nearby and gets APA-Filk personally. In addition to the people whose names are indicated below, **all** people who get DAGON also get ANAKREON. A name followed by "Q" is that of a person who gets both APA-Filk and APA-Q, and whose account appears in APA-Q. All data are accurate as of 23 July 1988

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Including this present 39th Mailing of APA-Filk, your balance is now _____. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Also, people whose copies of APA-Filk Mailings come back in the mail, and which prove impossible to forward, will be suspended until I get an accurate address. In the list of suspended accounts, below, such accounts are indicated by their positive balances. Anyone who knows the present address of any of these APA-Filk members should let me know at once, so I can mail them the back issues which they have coming. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Sean Cleary	
Sally & Barry Childs-Helton	-74¢	(John J. Cleary III)	-38¢
		Paul Doerr	-50¢

Mistie M. Joyce	\$6.86
Jordin Kare	-15¢
Dave Klapholz	-62¢
Lesley Lyons	-49¢
Randall McDougall	-65¢
Margaret Middleton	-59¢
Dena Mussaf	-87¢

Deirdre & Jim	
Rittenhouse	\$1.40
Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Dana Snow	-15¢
Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Paul Willett	\$1.37

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is published on the first days of February, May, August, and November by John Boardman. It circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association for the enjoyment of filksinging. APA-Filk, whose copy count is 60, is assembled at this same address and frequency. If you would like to get APA-Filk, send me \$5 or \$10, and I'll keep you posted on your balance as I mail out the quarterly Mailings. You are charged only postage plus 25¢ for each envelope. If you do not have your own printing facilities, send me your contribution on any mimeo stencils which can fit on a Gestetner machine, and I'll print it for 2¢ per sheet per copy, deducted from your postage account. For the present state of your postage account see the APA-Filk Mailing List on p. 4.

Additionally, ANAKREON goes to all the people who get my science-fiction fanzine DAGON, and to a few other people who have requested it. The DAGON mailing list was published in DAGON #374 on 18 June 1988.

APA-Filk Cover #38 (me): This time no cover came in from anyone else, so I rubber-stamped a generic cover that I'd had on hand for the better part of a year. There is another on hand now, which will be used on this present Mailing if it is needed. As of 2nd July, no one has sent in a cover for the 39th Mailing.

Jersey Flats #15 (Rogow): The TV reviews in the newspapers seem to be of two minds about Star Trek: The Next Generation, but the show has certainly caught on among filkers.

My mother, as the first college-educated woman of her family, got lullabies out of books rather than rely on the traditional ones. My father, however, sang me suitably bowdlerized versions of "Little Brown Jug" and "Barnacle Bill the Sailor". Those are the ones I sang to Deirdre, and now to her sons.

Singspiel #38 (Blackman): At LunaCon I vaguely recalled that, months in the past, I had promised to do something or other about filking. But I had never heard anything more about it. Just to check, I asked when I registered, and was referred to some of the LunaCon officials. I asked whether I was on to do anything in the program. They checked the program and found that I wasn't. I therefore gave the matter no more thought, and was later surprised to learn that some members of the convention expected me to be arranging a filksong function about which the con committee was ignorant. I accordingly came to the conclusion that nobody was in charge, and spent the rest of the convention seeking my own amusements.

Relatively little was heard of "Happy Days Are Here Again" at the recent Democratic convention. And it would be difficult to make a case for singing this song, after Governor Dukakis took the position that if a war broke out in Europe he would initiate the use of nuclear weapons.

D. C. al fine #1 (Stein): Welcome to our noble company!

Thanks for the report on filking at Bayfilk.

Your exception is very important: "Except for arms merchants the profits are in peace - war disrupts trade in consumer goods." Yes, but during a war there is full employment, war ~~workers~~ are getting the highest salaries of their lives and are spending on things they could never before afford, and governments are not inclined to raise questions about how much they are paying for weapons. From these hard facts of modern economics it is not far to the realization that people with the power to determine the direction our economy takes have drummed up the war scare in order to produce all these profitable effects. It has been my experience that every one who begins from the assump-

This is

O	At
P	Great
E	Intervals
R	This
A	Appears
T	To
I	inflame
O	Optic
N	Nerves

1508

tion that the Soviet Union menaces the United States, ends by saying, "Give me money." I am gratified to see that the sentiments about "Star Wars" that I put into "Pork Barrels in the Sky" in ANAKREON #29 in 1986 have now been vindicated by the collapse of the "Star Wars" fad.

I adjusted some of my original percentages to make them add up to less than 100%, when I first wrote "A Moral Victory" for the 1976 primary election campaign. On retrospect maybe I shouldn't have. A total of more than 100% would merely pile more idiocy onto the already nonsensical process of presidential elections. So far this year we have seen major campaign issues made out of Gary Hart's choice of bed friends, Joseph Biden's crib sheets, the drivellings of Pat Robertson and his fellow evangelists, and whether or not Michael, Duke Kakos, is a member in good standing of the Greek Orthodox Church.

I have tried to get Mary Lou Lacefield to do something about her scension, but with no success. The last I've heard she moved to Los Angeles where, as Yorick said about Hamlet's trip to England, "'tis no great matter there... 'twill not be seen in him there. There the men are as mad as he."

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #5 (Feld): "A Moral Victory" may scan to "Greensleeves", but I would be less than enthusiastic about singing it to that tune. I think that it is an accurate estimation of Robert A. Heinlein's impact on science fiction that his "The Green Hills of Earth" is sung by filksingers to the tune of a Coca-Cola commercial or the theme to Gilligan's Island. Heinlein apparently had no tune in mind when he wrote "The Green Hills of Earth" about 40 years ago, but two exist, composed respectively by Bruce Pelz and Mark Bernstein. (Sourdough Jackson's index, reviewed in the last ANAKREON, is my source for this information.)

There is another song, which came out a year or two before "The Green Hills of Earth", which is almost forgotten today but had a great impact in fandom in the late '40s and early '50s. It is "Thunder and Roses", which appeared in Theodore Sturgeon's story of that title in the November 1947 issue of Astounding Science Fiction. "Thunder and Roses" is not, strictly speaking, a filksong, and does not appear in Jackson's or any other index. It was a professionally published song, with words and music; I feel fairly sure that Sturgeon was not the author of either, but used the song in the story by permission.

"Thunder and Roses" is far more germane to our own times than is "The Green Hills of Earth". Heinlein's verses were the usual patriotic theme, saying how much more beautiful your own planet is than any other. But "Thunder and Roses" takes place in an America which has been devastated by a nuclear war, whose long-term radiation effects will virtually destroy the country. What's left of the U. S. armed forces is considering a retaliatory strike which will make the entire world uninhabitable. "Thunder and Roses", which has a haunting melody that I heard sung at some '50s cons, is the theme song of a campaign against this retaliatory strike. Sturgeon's theme is that a reverence for the continuation of life on Earth ought to transcend any military or patriotic considerations. It is the direct antithesis to the horrible words with which the late Senator Richard Russell welcomed the prospects of a nuclear war, saying that if we had to start all over again with Adam and Eve he wanted them to be Americans and not Russians.

Apparently both you and I noted the absence of a verse about Counsellor Deanna Troy in your up-to-date version of "Banned from Argo". The information about her parentage allegedly comes from the writers' guide. I have the impression that Counsellor Troy and Dr. Crusher are outside the conventional rank structure of the new Enterprise to show that they may at need influence or even override the Captain's decisions.

I asked around at LunaCon about filking, but nobody I spoke to seemed to know anything about it. And my alleged filksinging session did not appear in the pocket program.

ANAKREON #38 (me): I sent a copy of this to L. Sprague de Camp, whose collaboration The Incomplete Enchanter introduced "The Ballad of Eskimo Nell" to fandom. He responded with an article he'd written for the December 1971 issue of the Journal of International Phonetic Association regarding the proper pronunciation of one of the

word in the song. The article, entitled "Arse and Ass", traces the development of this fine old Anglo-Saxon word down through the centuries. Originally it was aers, cognate with the German Arsch. "Normally, this evolution would have eventually produced a word spelled arse and pronounced 'ahss' in Southern British and 'ars' in General American." (De Camp used symbols from the International Phonetic Alphabet; not having them on my typewriter, I am approximating them. Readers are reminded that I speak General American - that is, the Midwestern/Western dialect of American English.) But, owing to well-known linguistic taboos, "arse" did not appear in print for some three centuries, and therefore did not share the changes in pronunciation that have hardened the 'r' in such words as "cartridge", "hearth", and "parcel". (The old "passel" is still sometimes heard in the antique dialect of the southern mountains.) Therefore, Americans still make the word homophonous with "ass", giving rise to such limericks as the one to the right. "Being almost non-existent, the the written form of the word had no power to check the evolution of the spoken form."

The spelling "arse" remains as a Briticism, and is one of the reasons why I ascribed the ballad's authorship to an Englishman. However, upon re-reading it I detect some Canadian content.

The virtues of the Canadian north over the American west are proclaimed in the last verses, and in one place the word "Yankee" is used as a pejorative. Perhaps the author of "The Ballad of Eskimo Nell" was an Englishman who emigrated to Canada as an adult, and took umbrage at the U. S. tendency to consider the entire North American continent as our playground.

There was a young Mexican lass
Who had a most beautiful ass.
It was not round and pink,
As you probably think,
But was gray, had long ears, and
ate grass.

*

The 39th Mailing of APA-Filk was not immediately followed by things that had been intended for it but arrived late. This was a welcome change, and for the time being brings us up to date with contributions. Contributors are reminded that the deadline dates are on the first days of the months of February, May, August, and November. Some months I have to wait until the first Saturday to find time to put the Mailing together, but I don't expect to have to do that for this Mailing.

In the last ANAKREON I mentioned three songs which Greg Baker had sent, that I hadn't had time to put into that Mailing. Greg has duplicated two of them, "The Finnish No-No Song" and "The Lazy Song", and they appear in this Mailing. The third is elsewhere in this issue of ANAKREON.

*

APA-Filk readers are again reminded that ANAKREON #40, a part of the 40th Mailing which will be collated on 1 November, will once again consist of newly composed or discovered verses of that Neo-Pagan filksong, "That Real Old-Time Religion". Harold Feld has already sent in 13 verses for it. If you have any verses for this annual collection, please see that they get to me by the middle of October.

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 3)

famous "Rock-a-bye, Baby, in the Treetop" - apparently not realizing that it is a political satire rather than a threat that "Down will fall baby, cradle and all!" In 1688 the highly unpopular King James II of England (and VII of Scotland) became the father of a son by his Catholic second wife. Under British law this son displaced from the succession the two daughters he had had by his Protestant first wife in the days when he had still thought it politically expedient to represent himself as a Protestant. In addition, the king was also tampering with traditional English protections of individual rights, and had made it clear that only the 2% of the English people who were Catholics had any hope of office under his rule. A similar 3½-year accumulation of injustices now threatened, with the birth of a Catholic heir, to stretch into the next generations. Finally, in an event whose tricentennial will be celebrated this November, the English called over King James's elder daughter Princess Mary and her husband, Stadhouder Willem III of the Netherlands, and put them on the throne. King

James II with his wife and son fled to France. The verse we know as a nursery rhyme satirized the extremely thin chances that the infant prince had of ever becoming king. The east wind that had brought the future King William III over from the Netherlands was called "the Protestant wind", and this was the wind that blew so that down came the hopes attached to "the baby, cradle and all".

However, there are in Yolen's collection enough genuinely threatening lullabies, including the African one quoted in her article and to the right. Others threaten refractory children with various bogeymen. "Pleasant dreams - or else!" Such verses may also have been a way of mothers to express in a harmless manner their extreme exasperation over a baby that nothing will seem to quiet.

Siembamba, Mama's baby,
Siembamba, Mana's baby.
Twist his neck and hit him in the head.
Roll him in the ditch and he'll be dead.
Siembamba.

*

Last Wednesday WNYC-AM reported that Pete Seeger, a recipient of APA-Filk, is engaging in a demonstration protesting the way in which the state of New York is handling Tamara Brawley's accusation that, eight months ago, a group of white men including at least one law enforcement officer, kidnapped her and spent several days raping her.

Numerous holes have since developed in the story. While it is clear that something very unpleasant happened to her during those days, it is suggested that she may have gone willingly to a party that later got out of hand. And her principal proponent, the Reverend Al Sharpton, is another one of our society's numerous clerical high-binders, and I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw him. (I am not an athletic type, and Sharpton's frame shows the obvious signs of high living in the ministry.)

And yet there is one nagging doubt in the back of my mind. When I was a teenager I spent one summer in a farm work crew in Cherokee County, Iowa. (For those of you who know the Midwest, it was a detasseling crew; for those who don't, an explanation would take too long.) Another one of those work crews found in a corn field the body of a woman named Neva Andrews, who had the reputation of being "loose" or "no better than she should be". In the absence of more than the sketchiest details in the local paper, rumors began flying. It appeared that Andrews was "involved" with men in the local government, who were alleged to be preventing a potentially embarrassing inquiry from happening. The murder was never solved.

No Blacks were involved, but otherwise it was a small-town aristocracy closing ranks to protect its members - and the same thing has been alleged to be taking place in Wappingers Falls, New York. Newsday of 28 July 1988 reported that Seeger wrote a ballad about the episode during a trial, as witnesses testified against him on charges that arose out of a protest march in Brawley's support last April. "The song contains seven verses and a chorus, but Seeger noted" in an experience that is familiar to all of us, "This song needs better verses...It could also use a better tune." Time, we may be sure, will correct these defects. Sometimes, however, verses written in a white heat sometimes last longer than carefully crafted ones.

*

At the other extreme from spur-of-the-moment songs are carefully crafted ones - like the hundreds of alma mater hymns sung by sentimental Old Grads during class reunions in June. All of these songs seem to be the same, and as imperfectly remembered by the Old Grads, thirty years later, they all seem to go like this:

"Oh, something something hallowed halls,
And something something ivied walls,
We something something something owe to you.
Oh something something hopes and fears,
Of something something through the years,
We something something something will be 'true!'"

*

Harold Groot writes that a new tape is available from Windbourne, entitled "Echoes on the Wind". The songs on it are:

Side 1:

Raven Banner
Giant
Free in the Harbor...Again
Spirit
Richter Scale
Mists of Time

Side 2:

Vampire Baby Boogie (Fly-by-Night)
Rose
Wizard
Lies
When the Wind Blows

Anyone, particularly hucksters, who is interested should write to him at the address given on page 4.

*

In ANAKREONS #34, #35, and #37 I discussed the problems that some religious denominations are having with the militaristic hymns of former centuries, and whether they should still have space in their hymnals. The New York Times of 4 May 1988 reported the final decision of the United Methodist Church. (Just to put matters in perspective, a bishop of the United Methodist Church is a member of the National Coalition on Television Violence's Endorsers; this is an assortment of nuts that is trying to ban Dungeons & Dragons and some of the most popular films and television shows now playing.) In 1986 a 25-member revision committee narrowly voted to drop "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" as too militaristic. A deluge of 11,000 letters of complaint reversed this decision, and God the Lord of Armies* continues to be glorified in song by the United Methodist Church. However, they are "balanced by several recent hymns of a distinctly anti-war nature".

A few emendations were made in the traditional words. "Good Christian Men Rejoice" is now "Good Christian Friends Rejoice", and a footnote to "Faith of Our Fathers" notes that it may be sung as "Faith of Our Martyrs". This last one may still present some problems to Protestants. Although it is found in many Protestant hymnbooks, it is peculiarly the song of English Catholics, who sang it during the centuries that they were under civil disabilities, and lived with the perpetual fear that they might be reduced to the same miserable state as Protestants suffered across the Channel in France. And a new hymn describes god as "our father kind, our mother strong and sure" - which may sound odd, but would be appropriate to a being which transcends everything including sex.

An alternative suggestion might be that of Simon Bell, Richard Curtis, and Helen Fielding in their book Who's Had Who (Faber & Faber, 1987), an account of sexual activity through the ages which is banned in this country. (I'll bet you didn't think the United States of America went in for that sort of thing. I own a copy of the book through the kindness of Mark Blackman, who got me a copy during the 1987 World Science Fiction Convention in England.) These authors suggest that no being can have true omniscience, and that many of the problems of humanity are based on the fact that God, having no experience in such matters, does not understand sex.

*

For a couple of years my wife Perdita was involved with a group called the Sacred Harp, which meets on Sunday afternoons or evenings to sing hymns. (She is as much an Atheist as I am.) Perdita grew up with Holy Roller parents (or "Pentecostals" if you like that description better), and fondly recalls such hymns as "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven, 'Cause My Mommy's There" and "There's No Depression There". Sacred Harp goes back well over a century, and originated in the south among people who like group singing and only had Sundays available for leisure activity.

People who don't know the Sabbatarian mentality might suspect that this sort of

* - That is what the words usually rendered as "Lord of Hosts" mean. The original Jahveh Tsva'ot means "Lord of Forces", but the word specifically means a military force. I would suggest that it might be a scribe's error for Jahveh Tsvu'im - "Lord of Hyenas."

Sunday afternoon activity would be approved by a church which takes seriously the words "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy". No such thing. The preachers of the 19th century, who first had to deal with Sacred Harp, realized that its members were getting together because they liked to sing well-known, rousing songs with one another, and not because their hearts were turning to the lord. They opposed Sacred Harp as "Sabbath-breaking", and presumably the Funny Mentalist preachers of the present day are still doing it.

*

The new "Off Centaur Inc." (P. O. Box 424, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530) has sent me the second issue (April 1988) of Centaur Notes, a four-page publication telling of recent developments at Off Centaur and in the folk/filk scene generally. The lead article rejoices "At Last, a Filk Hugo". Hugos, named after Hugo Gernsback, a full-time crank who founded modern science-fiction, are awarded every year in many fields by the members of the World Science Fiction Convention. This year's convention, which will be held over Labor Day weekend in New Orleans, will have a Hugo in the "Special Forms" category, "a wide range of creative works including comic books, filk music, and art". (This last one might bring in that painting of three dragons in a cavern playing Houses and Humans, or the one showing a vampire retching and gagging as he staggers away from a Smurf.) An entire page of the bulletin is given to an incomplete list of Hugo-elegible filksongs, including "Invocation of Cthulhu", "Hound of the Baskervilles", "Red Star Rising" (the possibilities for comedy are open wide with this one), "Science Fair", "The War Between the Sexes" (which, as a De Camp character once put it, should best be fought on a well-padded bed), "What Goes Around, Comes Around", and "That's What Friends Are For". The bulletin also has reviews of two new tapes, Time Winds Tavern and Snow Magic, s-f on Spoken Words Books (alert your blind friends on this one), and announcement of new books in the "Oath" series by Mercedes Lackey.

*

Somewhere Out There i filk fandom is said to be a song called "The Greek Sailor" which I have never heard. It is also called, somewhat more frankly, "Bend Over, Greek Sailor", and Lee Burwasser mentions one filker who has been so temerarious as to translate it into Greek. Greg Baker has a parody called "Bend Over, Dukakis", which, Mark Blackman reports, was met at Shore Leave with cries of "Bend Over, Greg Baker". I suppose that a majority o APA-Filk readers will vote for Dukakis, despite the campaign promise quoted below.

ANAKREON #39

John Boardman
234 East 19th Street
Brooklyn, New York
11226-5302

"That Real Old-Time Religion"
- see page 7.

() - If this space is checked, you may be interested in something on p. _____.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

"Dukakis, frankly but casually, said he would use nuclear weapons first in Europe." - New York Daily News, 18 April 1988

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #6

Harold Feld
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02159
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5 Hamlin Rd
Newton Ctr, Ma

Greetings Dept: Ah, 'tis summer, and young man's thoughts turn lightly to fanac (summer being too hot for anything else). Now that The Year Of Death (Junior Year) is finally over, I have time to do a little apa-hacking and catch up on sf before Nola Con. If I go. My cash flow situation has gotten a trifle precarious, as the Professor I am working for and the History Dept can't agree on who is paying for my services. Fortunately, I have my degree in bartending to fall back on.

Apology Dept: To Mike Stein-- My most humble apology for crediting your filk to someone else. Believe me, it was completely by accident. (The Talmud has a saying: "He who quotes a thing in the name of he who said it brings redemption to the world.") No doubt it was the Gargleblasters that caused me to miss TJ's crediting 'Wishful Thinking (a few years later)' (they were *very* good).

Comments Dept:
Jersey Flats/ Roberta Rogow-- re Balticon: 'The ne plus ultra of east coast filking'? I have only been to one Balticon (21), and, while I thought the filking was good, I think Boskone's was better. (I did not go to Boskone lite, so I can't say anything about this this year.)

\$ingspiel/Mark Blackman-- re Me: Since Nolacon has not responded to any of my correspondence, I am assuming that there will be no banquet or that they have an alternate source of kosher food.// I remember Legal Seafood quite fondly from the days when I was less religious. Unfortunately, several years ago, the place yuppified and went seriously down hill.

D.C. al Fine Op. 1/Mike Stein-- Welcome! // re The Title: Is there a meaning here that I'm not understanding? // re Bardic Circles: The current 'Pick, Pass, or Play' format allows neos or people too embarrassed/scared to participate to take part in the action. Also, there is a conspiracy afoot to stop Leslie from smoking: every time she lights up, the next person is supposed to request something from her, causing her to extinguish the cancer stick in order to

play/sing. BTW, I was also at Worldcon '86, and I don't remember the 'Leslie Fish Show'. (Granted Roberta and Leslie played 'Can you top this' for awhile, but that ended when Roberta went to bed.) Of course, I am an unabashed Fish Fanatic, and therefore probably didn't mind/don't remember Leslie taking over anything. (The same way I don't understand when people say Roberta 'takes over filks'.) // re Japan defending itself: Japan's Constitution, Article 9, forbids Japan to have an armed forces. After Korea, the US urged Japan to establish a 'Defense Force' of 75,000. Nakasone and the new right in Japan want very much to have their own army and be free of 'foreign dependence.' (Revisionist Japanese historians assert that McCarthur forced Article 9 into the constitution.) The Japanese people have resisted this. The only thing Nakasone could not alter was the military budget, which despite his best efforts remained at %1 of the budget. Personally, I think a Japan with an army is almost as bad news for the world as a united Germany. // re Me: See apology dept. / Is it "Cranes over Hiroshima" or "Rains over Hiroshima"? / Granted that 'short is good, funny is good, short and funny is best' applies to filk songs, but BFA:TNG gets a good reception when performed--especially from the Wesley bashers. //I liked the Prometheus filk.

Anakreon/ John Boardman-- re New borns: Mazel Tov!!! re Eskimo Nell: Thanks for posting this. Language question-- You describe the transition of 'spunk' from semen to spirit. I believe the word 'pecker' is a reverse transition. In England, the word 'pecker' means spirit (i.e. The defendant's entrance in G & S's Trial by Jury, The English version reads: "Be firm, be firm my pecker/ Your evil star's in the ascendant." The American version reads: "If this is the court of the exchequer/etc."//Cannot find the verse I wrote for 'Pigpen'. I will try to reconstruct it from memory now that I have time.// Filking the Bible sounds like fun.

Tape Reviews Dept: Last week I bought Diane Gallagher Wu's Star Song, Bill Roper's The Grim Roper, and borrowed my girlfriends copy of Snow Magic. All three tapes are from Off Centaur and have been available for some time.

Star Song by Diane Gallagher Wu-- The characters on the cover attracted my attention (I spent some time this year studying Mandarin). They mean, not surprisingly, star song. (shing ge in Mandarin. Both first tone.) Does anyone know if Diane speaks Mandarin or Cantonese? The tape itself is good. The singing quality high, the technical end is solid, but unimpressive. There are no songs that I feel the desire to fast forward over, but no songs that stick with me after the tape. Grade: B-

The Grim Roper by Bill Roper-- Too grim for my tastes.
While it is not entirely ose, there isn't enough contrast.
Nothing wrong with it, but nothing to recommend it to
non-Roper fans. Grade: C

Snow Magic-- Contains songs by a number of Off Centaur
Regulars, mostly McQuillin. This is a *good* tape. A nice
balance between serious and humorous. Especially good songs
are: Cat Maiden (Fish), Dark Desires (McQuillin), Elf Glade
(Davis), Caretakers (Sutton), and Grendel (Mar/Fish). The
tech work and vocal quality are very good. On the downside,
it has a few boring songs. Grade: B+.
(NB: When reviewing, I scale on a C.)

New Filk Dept: In Wesley's defense, he has been getting
better (also used less often, which is good.) This comes
from Lunacon, when Wesley was still unnecessarily saving the
day every episode.

Wesley Must Die by HJF
Tune: Volga Boatman

Wesley must die (Grunt!) Wesley Must die!
In the Airlock, Wesley must die!
When the little runt you catch
seal him in then blow the hatch
Watch him turn blue. Wesley must die!

In the transporter...
Throw him on the pad head first
Put the setting on disperse
Billions of pieces. Wesley must die!

On the holodeck....
Fighters armed with razor steel
Just don't tell the kid they're real
Fillet of space brat. Wesley must die.

With the Ferengi...
Make a deal that's hard but sound
\$1.69 a pound
White and Dark meat. Wesley must die!

That raps it up for now. Until next time,
--BEM
"If you're going to skate on thin ice, you might as well
dance."

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COMING IN NIEKAS 37 (available Fall 1988): Piers Anthony's *World Fantasy Con GoH Speech*, The Sociology of Pern by David Shea, *Starscam* by Thomas M. Egan, *Crocodile Dundee As a Sequel to Peter Pan* by Tamar Lindsay, *Tolkien's Two Runic Systems* by Jane Sibley.

COMING IN NIEKAS 38 (available Winter 1988): A special issue on Arthurian fantasy. Includes: *My Search for Morgaine le Fay* by Marion Zimmer Bradley; *Arthur, A Demi-God?* by Vera Chapman; *Flower of England, Fruit of Spain* by Esther Friesner; *The Uses of Arthur, Henry VII and the Round Table, and Sleepers* by Ed Meskys; *Arthur to Ashes* by Poul Anderson; *A Hebrew Arthur* by Ruth Berman; *Avalon* by Jonathan Singer; and *On Publishing Guenevere and Lancelot* by *Arthur Machen* by Ned Brooks. Also pieces by Alexei Kondratiev, Anne Braude, Susan Schwartz, Andre Norton, and Diana L. Paxson and book reviews on Arthurian subjects by W. Richie Benedict, John Boardman, and Ben Indick.

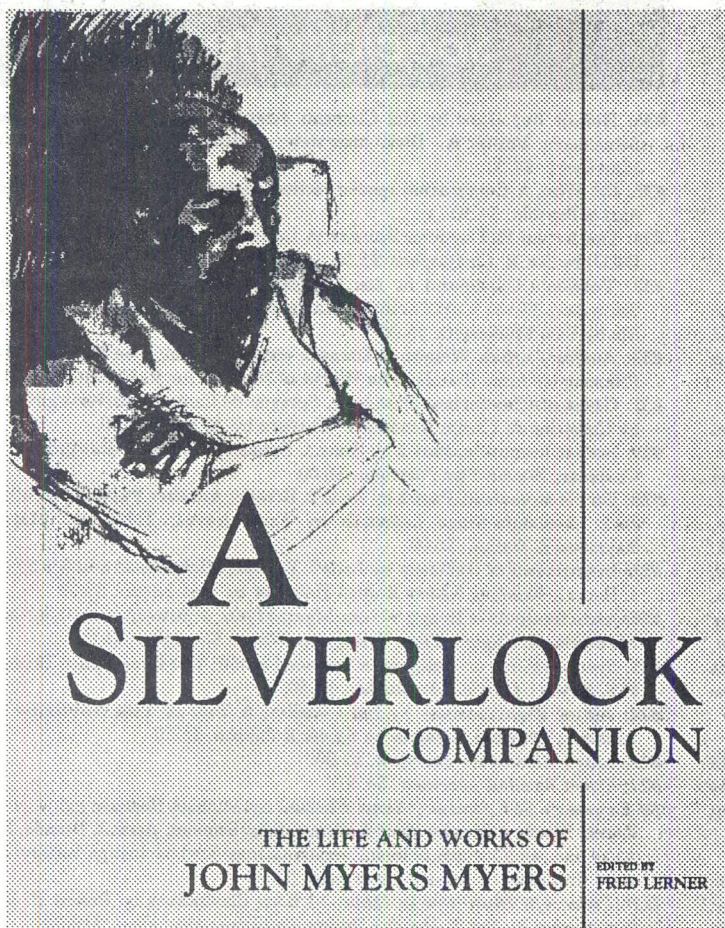
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Back Issues & Specialty Items

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